

Claire, Cupid and Delightful Go Home

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Summary: Cupid and his Mortal family (including Zeus Two) finally get to go live in Olympus. This completes the story arc but it won't be my last Cupid story.

Claire, Cupid and Delightful Go Home

Cupid, Psyche And Delightful

>Go Home<p>

by

Elizabeth Hensley :-)

Cupid was cheerfully sweeping the customer dining area while Felix sat tiredly watching him. The depowered, little g god was just finishing near the stage when his cell phone rang. He whipped it out and did the Captain Kirk maneuver with a flourish to his Boss's amusement. Then Felix's eyes widened in concern as he reacted to his usually cheerful employee's sudden reaction to what he was hearing. Cupid suddenly sat down, (collapsed really,) into one of the customer's chairs, looking paler and more scared than Felix had ever seen him in all the years he'd known him.

"What is wrong!" Felix gasped. He could feel his heart twinging.

Cupid looked as if he was going to have a heart attack of his own! "Felix! If I don't do something both Claire and Delightful are going to be killed!"

Felix felt hiss weak heart protest. "When?! How?! How do you know this?!"

"Casandra!"

Felix's jaw dropped, "What? Casandra?! That goddess who can tell the

future but no one ever believes her? But you believe her?"

Cupid explained. "For commercial purposes our "wonderful" creator, Arnold Shumway of gods in a box incorporated decided to modify the myth. We did start off as game, remember? Now it goes, anybody crazy enough will believe her. And quite frankly I've never met anyone normal enough not to believe her. Her Psychiatrists believe her. Even Cetaceans and Ameslan speaking Apes believe her."

"So she just called you on Mercury's cell phone? He popped back to Olympus!? I thought he was tending the bar! It's his shift!"

Cupid shook his head. "No. She called from Manhattan Psychiatric Hospital where she is a Patient."*

Felix stared at Cupid in even more amazement. "You have a relative, a fellow god, living right here in New York! In another mental hospital! Why THERE!? Does Claire know?"

Cupid nodded "Yes she does. Even back before she realized I was really Cupid we visited her once. She's there because my rat of an Uncle Apollo, raped her! Remember how religious our "wonderful" creator was to follow the original myths if it makes his products more profitable? Sadly even in his day and age sex and violence sells. Humanity changes Felix. But way too slowly! Way, WAY, wAYYYY, too slowly!"

Then Cupid dashed for the door. "Have to go now Felix. it is time!

Meanwhile on the other side of the street, Dr. Claire McCrae who is also Psyche, Mortal-born, little g goddess of Science and Reason, who is married to Cupid, also known as Eros, the little g god of Passion, and Faith (and also as Trevor a barkeep at Tres Equis.) Plus Claire is also a very skilled Doctor and Psychiatrist. And a Therapist, (which in itself is a very rare combination these days,) sat behind her desk and sized up her new Patient. He was tall, skinny, rusty red haired, and very tired looking. He had dark circles under his eyes. He had on levy's with suspenders that were badly needed because his pants were going to fall down without them. He did not smell very nice. He had a look of deep despair in his eyes, and the typical embarrassment new Psyche Patients always seemed to have. One of the pockets of his genes was ripped. If he wasn't homeless he was not far from it. A candidate for commitment? Maybe. Maybe not. He had had the sense to come to her on his own. That showed some competence, awareness that he needed help. So he might be able to follow directions on his own. If he just was off the streets and had a place to "flop" she might not have to commit him and if she did he would probably be allowed an out pass.

He just sat there looking more and more distressed and embarrassed so she started the session "what can I do to help you; What is your name?"

"My name is Rufus." He said quickly and quite lucidly. "I can not sleep!"

"Interesting. Claire thought to herself. I shall have to google it. But I think Rufus means red. With that red hair he sure is aptly named. But what she said was, "Well I can solve that for you quickly

and with over the counter remedies too. Just march yourself down to any pharmacy or big box store or even some of those hole in the street stores and buy a bottle of melatonin or htp tryptophan. The tryptophan is also a mild pain reliever that will raise your serotonin levels a bit by adding some, not by making what your brain has already made, work more efficiently as an antidepressant would. Those are both over the counter but I shall write you a prescription anyway to make it tax deductible. Plus if you ever get incarcerated if you had a legitimate Doctor's prescription eventually they will be forced legally to let you keep taking it. Now, Sir. I suspect you have other issues, some physical, some emotional, some social. Please keep telling me about yourself."

Rufus sighed. "My wife got mad at me for being lazy and unkempt. She threw me out. I am living in a hotel but my money is running out. I will be homeless soon."

Claire looked at her Patient compassionately. 'I THINK I can get you a bed at the Feed New York homeless shelter, or at least an air mattress in a corner of their facility until a bed opens up. They squeeze them in there way beyond legal capacity but the Authorities are looking the other way due to at least some one is trying to help the Homeless that really does seem to be effective at getting People back on the feet. But Rufus, (you must want me to call you by your first name and it does suit you.) why are you so unkempt?

Rufus said quickly and fervently, "I get so cold when I take off my clothes and bath that I just do not want to!"

Claire shot back. "Bet you are Hypothyroid."

Rufus stared at Clare as if she had just said he was growing another eye. "Me? Hypothyroid? I am so skinny. And I am still losing weight!"

Claire shot back with, "Concurrent condition. Does your gut hurt?"

Rufus stared at her in amazement. 'Yes! How did you know?"

Claire explained. "Hypos are often gluten intolerant too. The Hypothyroidism may be slowing down your metabolism but gluten intolerance has so damaged the villii in your intestines you are not digesting much, so malabsorption syndrome has set in. So despite a very slow metabolism you are skinny as a rail. Claire smiled. 'Watch it with any strawed drink, You could slip through the straw and drown!"

Claire was gratified to see Rufus give her a slight little grin at her joke.

Then Claire got serious. "You realize my diagnosis is based on deduction, not lab testing? But if you eat gluten free for a few weeks and you feel better and you gain some weight back, we will know for sure, and it is the cheapest, surest way to confirm such a diagnosis. I will immediately print out a list of what you should be eating and not. We should I will show you how to do an elimination diet too because there may be other kinds of foods you may also need to avoid. These things often come in clusters, Make sure Feed New York knows what you need and do not need to eat once we figure that

out. In the mean time I am giving you a thermometer. Forget the expensive standard TSH Thyroid test. I have learned much since I first became a Doctor. Best way to catch a thyroid problem and/or an adrenal problem which I suspect you also might have is to simply have the Patient take his or her temperature in the morning before they get out of bed. Do you know how to use a thermometer?

Rufus nodded.

Claire smiled, "Good! "If someone's temperature is less than the normal 98.5 right before they get out of bed that is a sign they are either Hypothyroid or Hypo-adrenal, or both. Do you understand?"

Again Rufus nodded.

Claire went over to a drawer in a cabinet and took out one of many thermometers she gave to her Patients. She handed this one to Rufus and said, "Now don't forget to do this. I would like several readings to make it more certain."

And again Rufus nodded as he took his new, best mechanical friend."

It took only one simple phone call to snag her very tired Patient an air mattress that would be placed on what had been a pew at feed New York. Seldom, were services held there any more. There was no longer room for people to pew-sit. But God, the BIG God smiled down on that little Church, crowded with His Children. "Faith without works is dead." Feed New York unlike many a box full of elegantly and properly dressed pew-sitters was definitely, very much ALIVE!

Claire glanced at the clock on the wall behind her Patient. She said." Well, Mr Rufus, you have 15 minutes left, but we seem to have covered all your issues for now. I know money is tight for you. Volunteer at Feed New York every Thursday for three hours. I can do your follow up visit for free there. if you are content with what you have so far and want to go move your stuff from your hotel to an air mattress at Feed New York ASAP they have one available for you right now and you can stay there for free until you are feeling better, can find a job and get back on your feet. Plus I will only charge you half price for this session. I would like to spend the fifteen minutes time with my Daughter, Because you are my last Customer for the day, I can knock off fifteen minutes early.' Claire smiled. "Quite frankly, Sir, I am jonesing for some Mexican food! And my husband works at the Mexican bar and grill across the street."

Rufus stared at her. "Is't that the place where that crazy fellow works who makes those You Tube Videos who seems to really think he's Cupid? It's a wonder you don't have that guy for a Patient. I don't think its just an act. I think he believes it!"

Dr. Claire Mc Crae tried her best to look professionally unreadable, "Ah, well! Anyway, I will see you at Feed New York next Thursday for free. Have we got a deal?"

Rufus, smiled, nodded, got up and left her office.

Claire called out to Josie her Secretary. "Half price on this one, Josie."

Josie grumbled good naturally, "Again?" How do you ever expect to make any money?"

Claire laughed. "My Husband makes good money too, Josie. He's the official Manager of Tres Equis now."

Josie shook her head skeptically, "And he is working for half price too. I bet he made more when he was just a Barkeep from tips than he is making now! The both of you are too soft-hearted. Trevor feels sorry for his Boss because he has bad heart problems. You feel sorry for your Patients because they have all sorts of problems. Well, dud! What do you expect your Patients to have?"

Claire laughed. "Oh Josie, quit fussing and quit worrying. We are doing wonderfully financially. My last five books have been best sellers. My column is more popular than ever. We have my nice apartment. We have a great start on a college fund for Delightful. We have a nice car that runs well. And then there are the little, precious things that make life worth living: my hot tub, Cupid's cave, our Cat, Zeus too. "My Baby of course!"

Josie smiled, "The fact none of Trevor's Relatives ever show up to bother you!"

Claire smiled ruefully. Josie did not know and could not be told that practically every Greek god who lived on Olympus had popped suddenly and often without an appointment or even any warning right into her living room (and sometimes more private places) for professional help or just to see Delightful.

But all Claire dared do in response to that comment by Jose was laugh some more.

And her loyal, Girl Friday just smiled.

Then Claire walked out to the waiting room to be with her baby.

Delightful was laying tummy down on a pillow on the couch in the waiting room being baby sat, sort of by Josie who could see her through the open door of the reception room, not that she really needed watching but Child Protective Services did not know that. Delightful was kicking her legs furiously because she had reached that stage right before Babies walk so she was exercising her legs in preparation for getting up on them. All Babies do this except Delightful was doing it consciously. She was very much aware of what her next stage of development was going to be. She had read many a book on Child development and discussed it both with her Mother and her Therapist, and of course she had discussed it with her Father Cupid and with Uncle Mercury. Out of all the advice given on the approaching walking, Uncle Mercury's advice had been the best, "Just get up and do it, Kid!" (He sounded like a Nike commercial) But it did have a certain wisdom to it, Delightful had decided, when she felt strong enough to take Uncle Mercury's advice.

Delightful had her laptop in front of her on a milk crate to keep it from over-heating. She had a two foot pencil in her baby hand that she was using to peck at the keys. She was laying tummy down on a pillow as she kicked her feet. She was on the Net, at YouTube, at war

with a paid industry Troll. She was warning Folks about the brain cell killing, rage reaction causing food additive Glutamate that the FDA allows the food industry and the Pharmaceutical industry to hide in foods, shots and IVs under 40 different names The troll was doing his best but Delightful was winning. He might as well not have bothered going up against her. She had all her facts straight. She knew how to get web addresses with the real facts about this poison past the You Tube censors, and as far as she was concerned she was having a battle of wits with a very unarmed opponent!

Claire smiled at Delightful, "Dear if you can stop Cyber-talking to your friends I have time to give you a little snack before we head over to Cupid's for my own dinner."

Delightful, goddess of serenity narrowed her eyes with grim determination, "I was not talking to my Friends, Mommy!"

Claire sighed, "That Glutamate issue again?"

Delightful frowned, "I am for serenity, Mommy. That poison is stealing that emotion from multitudes It makes all who consume it on edge, even if it tastes like 'wow!' for a few seconds due to the little near death experiences that it causes brain cells that communicate down to the rest of the neurons. But we both know that constant neuron loss is dumbing society down!" The baby's eyes filled with tears.

Claire picked her unhappy Child up and held her to her breast.

"OH Delightful! You are just going to have to get used to always being the smartest one around. It's lonely, I know. But would you rather be the dumbest around? I had the same problem, and Lord only knows how your Father coped. He's the smartest god on that mountain of theirs but unfortunately he's also the silliest. Both got him constantly disrespected and teased constantly and even bullied. We are just a very bright family. As long as we have each other we can cope."

Delightful nodded solemnly.

Claire smiled, "Come on. I am offering you a little snack before I have my own dinner. Then we can go home and I will read you the Z part of the last volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica as your bedtime story tonight. How's that?"

Delightful smiled up at her Mother and started to suckle.

She almost fell asleep as Babies tend to do a lot. Sleepily she asked, "How is that poor Schizophrenic doing?"

Claire smiled "Oh. He's out now. He only needed hospitalization for two weeks. The second med we tried worked very well, and not at a very high dose either. I thank you for your help with him!"

Delightful could barely keep her eyes open, "I am willing to fly around the room in front of any Patient you want me to, Mommy!"

Claire laughed, "Yup! That did it. If any Patient won't admit to me

they are hallucinating I can always use you to push the point across."

Mother and Child laughed together.

So the two of them continued that amazing thing that Mammals have done for millions of years. The florescent lighting of Claire's waiting room seemed to shine down as sacred rays on Mother and child locked in that ancient bond.

Finally Delightful could drink no more and Claire's own stomach was rumbling too loud. So the nursing stopped. Mother and Daughter headed out of the waiting room, down the hall and to the door of Sachs Gordon.

Just as she was about to push the door open to go outside Dr Greeley saw her and rushed towards her. Dr Claire McCrae saw her boss coming and of course stopped for a minute to see what he wanted.

All he wanted was how to spell a mutual Patient's name so he could get it correct in the Patient's medical files. Clare told him and that was that. But it had lasted just long enough to set The Fate's tangled threads of destiny in motion!

Timing! Half of God's miracles are about perfect, better-than-NASA-precise, timing. I have myself seen miracles that came down to nano-seconds or they would not have worked. But the Fates in Mount Olympus and other elementary spirits depend on timing also.

Back in Olympus, Cupid's "gentle" neighbors the Fates, who lived just across the Big Pond from Cupid's where he had skinny dipped and fished and caught Frogs as a kid, who had watched him grow up, who baked ginger cookies for him and comforted him when things had not gone well between him and his war god father, now had out their fatal web of yarn, and their scissors. A thread was about to be cut! They stared at the complicated life-snarl, trying to decide just how and where to cut it. The poor dears discussed it solemnly between themselves, trying to figure out just what to do! They were, actually arguing when most of the time they were in perfect agreement. But THIS time it was personal!

After that short talk Claire pushed the door of Sachs Gordan open and went outside. Even as she did so her mouth started watering as she contemplated the delicious Mexican meal that awaited her across the street.

Oh yes, the perfect ending to what had turned out to be an almost perfect day! Tres Equis, Papa-Cupid and the best Mexican food for miles, just across the street...

...Just...across...the...street.

Claire pushed the button to get the little time-clock-hand that allows Pedestrians to cross the street.

Once the time-clock started Claire looked both left and right to make sure the Drivers of cars had gotten the message. Oh so carefully she stayed between the yellow lines holding tightly to Delightful who

with wisdom beyond her years was doing her own careful vigilance. They both were cautious, oh so very cautious!

But there are only two kinds of Pedestrians, the Quick and the Dead.

Slowed down by the weight of Delightful, Claire could not be quick!

It seemed to happen in slow motion. Claire had almost made it safely across to Tres Equis with her little goddess when suddenly, like something out of a Stephen King novel, a happy looking, little blue car came cruising gaily around the corner, not stopping on red as it was supposed to have.

Suddenly her husband was there! It was if he were a fully powered god again! He seemed to have his powers of flight back! He hurled himself at his daughter and his wife as if he were Superman! The force of his shoving them out of the way sent them sprawling five feet, well into the safety zone.

Not so Cupid himself! The sound of his skull crunching under the tires and the sound of his back snapping were nightmare sounds that would stay with Claire and Delightful for the rest of Eternity!

The car did not even stop! It kept going as if just as happily. Though who at that moment could judge the mood of the driver?

This was CUPID who had been senselessly slaughtered! The dearly beloved and somewhat famous (due to his Youtube videos) eccentric, but very kind, Barkeep of Tres Equis. New York's finest plus millions of the Citizens of New York City and New Jersey hunted for that car and its careless driver for weeks. Plus all the gods of Olympus and quite a few who lived in Asgard and on Condor's Nest down in South America where Quetzalcoatl and his family lived, also hunted. Fairies and Angels hunted. No doubt Jesus knew, but He chose not to tell. Revenge was His!

...If there was going to be any.

No one outside of New Jerusalem ever found a trace of that car!

There are mysteries even the gods can not solve!

Suddenly Uncle Mercury was there. For once there was nothing supernatural about his sudden appearance. He had been working at Tres Equis and had simply ran out its door on hearing the news with his natural ears from an incoming Customer. Like all little g gods he had selective omnipresence but his attention had not been on traffic outside of Tres Equis. He had been concentrating on mixing a Margarita and getting it right.

Mercury group-hugged Claire and Delightful for a few minutes. Then he said. "Claire let me go. Let me help my son and your husband."

>Claire exclaimed, "How? He's dead!"
"Oh Claire, don't be ridiculous! He isn't going to stay that way!"
>As Claire watched open-mouthed, her brother-in-law reached inside her dead husband's skull and tugged on something golden and

translucent. He kept tugging that gold, translucent thing all the way down the spine, all the way down the gut and all the way down to the... ah, you know! He explained. "I must not forget the neuron part of his operating system that resided in the neurons that lined his gut. You Mortals and us gods both do a lot of our social thinking with that part of us." Mercury explained, "If he were headed for Heaven Jesus would have his entire body digitized, even his hair, but our pearl transporter will reconstruct the rest of him for us. I think we will leave off his wings this time. He always hated his wings. They embarrassed him. People teased him about being an Angel, which he definitely is not! They made him have to ask for help dressing. They actually got in the way of flying and swimming and sleeping and they were downright a grand nuisance. Claire, you and Delightful can join your husband in Olympus any time you want. Usually going to the Afterlife voluntarily would be seen as suicide, but remember Olympus started out as a game and game rules still apply. You just won't be allowed into New Jerusalem, slash Heaven until enough time passes. What would be your natural lifespan here on Earth has to pass first."

>Claire nodded, at a loss for words! Uncle Mercury finished fishing out "Trevor's" soul/operating system from his very broken body. Then he said, "Well sister-in-law I have to go take your husband to one of our pearls for incoming processing. You can join him as early as a few minutes if you wanted to but I suspect you will take a little while longer to get used to the idea. For one thing we can not abandon Zeus Two, now can we? So go home and rescue that monster who passes for a cute, wittle Kitty Cat, but we all KNOW better, and the three of you come join us. So by for now, Claire Bear!"

>Claire watched in shock-anew as her brother-in law took to flight with the operating system of her late husband in his hands!" She had not recovered from that, no not at all when suddenly Jesus was there! She did not see him fly in, or beam in or walk in. He just suddenly was THERE! And being mostly a normal Human after all she practically fainted! Jesus said, "Ah Claire! Too much sensory overload. First your husband dies and a Greek god takes him away, then I appear. I regret I startled and shocked you. He came closer and gave Claire the biggest bear-hug she had ever had!

>It was both comforting and terrifying. She thought to herself, "I just got hugged by God!" Jesus could read her thoughts of course. Until the US military perfects their mind reading machine He is the only one who can. Neither little g gods, demons, Angels or the devil himself can read our thoughts. God respects our privacy and made things that way. But yes, sometimes the Programmer has to be able to see the operating system's code to fix it, so Jesus can read our minds. He said, "Yes Claire I am here. Wouldn't you have expected Me to come? It is good and proper Mercury came and retrieved Cupid's operating system but do you not remember there is also a Host living in their mutual body?"

>Claire said, "Yes. But I did not expect to be able to see You come for it!" Jesus smiled, "Well Claire-Bear, you are slowly becoming more than an ordinary Human. Because you drank Ambrosia that is made from the leaves of the Tree of Life you are well on the way to becoming a Greek goddess, and of course they can see me. And Cupid's Host did make arrangements with me for uploading. He had another god before him and your 'Trevor' sure took up as lot of room in the Host's amaygdala! But who of my Children has not sinned? He at least asked for forgiveness and repair and forgave his Trespassers before he turned his hard drive over to Cupid. and Claire, my dear Female, Asperigian Genius, your watching of 2001 a Space Odyssey and

correctly deducing that Hal needed a grace subroutine is brilliant and correct. Hal needed to know he could go to his creator and admit he had a conflict he could not solve that was actually his creator's fault and ask for help and forgiveness. You figured that out my dear because of your high intelligence and that blessed movie! Because yes, this mess of a Universe is my fault! But I did take responsibility for it. How many more nail holes and whip lashes do People want?! I am down off that cross now, will never have to be on it again and I Am forever partying in New Jerusalem. I have put a hammer and other tools into the hands of each of my Kids. It is up to you to finish this grand construction project. It can work and it will work. The George Burns version of me is correct about that! Your understanding of Pascal's Wager; that either I exist or I do not and if I did not, nothing is lost by believing I do, but If do exist and you did not believe, you would lose unimaginable blessings is also correct. Your analogy that having no belief in me is 'Klingon bungee jumping' the equivalent of leaping into an abyss without any kind of cord is also clever! Your prayer to 'Whom It Might Concern' was close enough! I have been called far worse and responded! So Claire, you have a mansion waiting for you in New Jerusalem. You did not lose your place in Heaven just because you chose to help my little, sick birdies that nest over in Olympus. They desperately need your help and I thank you for it. When the time has come that you would have lived out a natural, Mortal lifespan you can come visit your palace. You could live there, but I know you won't. Your place is beside your Husband and your calling is to be a Doctor for all Eternity. No peaceful Afterlife for you, my precious Child! For you, a very hectic Afterlife! But it will be a very happy one."

Jesus smiled. "Now let me get Cupid 's Host home to New Jerusalem. I have a new body waiting for him there. It is based on this one but because it is virtual he will never feel physical pain again. There is no need for pain when you are virtual and can pass through things because no protective pull-back reflex is required."

Claire asked hopefully "What is the Host's name?"

Jesus shook his head. "He does not want you to know. Cupid is in love with you. Cupid's Host deeply respects you and is deeply grateful the two of you found each other, but he is not in love with you."

Jesus reached into what was left of the Host's crumpled body, pulled out the operating system and faded away.

Claire never found out what the Host's name was.

Suddenly Dr Greeley was there. It had taken a while for the news to cross the street. One of the Patients had witnessed the accident from the third floor window but he was always reporting bad news and his crying Wolf in the past made no one believe him. But he had been so insistent a few of the other Patients finally got up and went over to the window themselves. Their gasps at finding out their Wolf-crier was telling the truth this time attracted the other Patients and an Orderly who then got on his cell and called the main office, The Secretary there alerted Dr. Greeley. Dr. Greeley than excused himself as fast as he politely could from the Patient he was treating and rushed across the street.

Dr. Greeley also gave Claire a hug."Oh Claire! If this had happened to anyone else I doubt I would have any words of comfort even if I am

a Psychiatrist. But at least we both know Cupid isn't really dead and you can go to him and go live in Olympus."

But Claire exclaimed, "Dr Greeley, I have a job to do here! I have responsibilities HERE! I have Patients who need me desperately! What about my life? It is here! My Advice column! Or the books I still plan to write!"

Dr. Greeley pointed out, "Oh Claire, no matter where in the Universe you could go on this Planet by conventional means or off of it with your newly developing goddess powers, because very soon you won't be limited just to Earth or these realms, you will find more Patients who need you desperately, many more than you can ever help in all the Eternity that you are going to live! And more responsibilities too. I understand in Olympus you can get Centaurs and Putios to help you, as well as many others. Let them! And books can be written there too, Just mail them to your Agents to deal with just as she always has. Just get a Post office Box near Olympus in some Mortal-berg and tell your Agent you moved to Greece. It won't even be a lie. A cell phone will solve all communication issues. I know your Husband calls home all the time, and his Uncle Mercury, slash, real Father can call Trevor right from inside Olympus whenever he can afford the cell time. That is when he bothers. I know he works for your Husband's Boss as a fill-in Barkeep so he can just talk face-to-face now. How is that working out? (No. Never mind!) As for your Advice column, Claire, there too you can be replaced. The original Dear Abbey gave the job up to her daughter, or was it the original Ann Landers? I get them mixed up. But one of them was easily replaced. Admittedly I do not think Delightful would be interested. Also bright as she is, she has no experience there. Neither does she have the education yet. She probably could get the education in less than a few weeks, but wisdom does not come for years. Not even for a Genius. Ask your Husband. He found that out and is still finding that out the hard way! Come to think of it if you still have the time and are still interested, even your advice column can be done from the top of Olympus. Letters can be Fed-exed to you. They won't deliver to PO boxes but you can pay some one in Greece to accept those packages. There are in that horribly, war damaged economy so plenty of Folks would be so grateful for a little job! And email, faxing, web cams, instant messaging, Fed Ex, UPS, and just plain the Postal system are what Trevor calls, "Mortal Presence." We have mojo of our OWN!"

Dr. Claire McCrae refused to back down, "But Boss, you need me DESPERATELY!"

Dr Greeley admitted, "Claire you are my best Doctor! You know when to use meds and when not to. You know when to use nutritional supplements and when not to. You even know when a Patient just needs to talk and you are one of those very rare Psychiatrists willing to take the time to do so, and you are very good at it! You even come up with other solutions like housing and food. I will never forget the day we thought a Lady needed heavy sedation because she seemed psychotic and paranoid to the extreme. You found out the real problem was Rats in her apartment. She was terrified to go to sleep at night because of her Baby so she had not slept in days. So her raving about giant Rats was a mis-communication. They actually were quite large, but Audrey the Giant-style, Rats, not Paul Bunyan Giant-Style Rats is what she meant. We just assumed because of our mental health mindset that she meant impossibly large. She didn't. We must learn to be more careful and listen better and do a much better job of figuring out

what the Patients really mean. Anyway, you got an Exterminator into her apartment and called code enforcement about the slumlord who was not doing his job as a Landlord. They finally got the whole apartment building de-ratted, and until that was completed you got Feed New York to take both of them because we can not trust Child Protective Services not to over-interfere. And in a few days natural, unmediated sleep with her Baby safe, and the department building finally de-ratted, it fixed her whole, so called "mental" problem! Yes, Claire! You are going to be VERY hard to replace! But now you belong with your Husband, and a whole town waiting for you of VERY needy Patients who have been waiting as patiently as they can for a very long time!" And Claire believe it or not I can replace you. It may take half a dozen tries and three miracles to do so, but some how I will!..

â€|.And Claire your husband needs you and Delightful is going to need her Father desperately. Olympus is your home now. Do I have to fire you?"

Claire frowned, "On what grounds? It would be seen as sexism and cruelty. I am going to need the income since I don't have my husband's anymore."

"Claire we both know you are being ridiculous!.."

"...Claire at least think about it."

Claire nodded "Ok. I will THINK about it."

Then Uncle Mercury returned from Olympus. It had only taken him a few minutes to deliver the operating system of his son to their mutual home.

Claire was still recovering from the shock of having met Jesus. So much so that the sudden presence of a little g, Greek god almost seemed normal!

"Hi Claire!" Said Uncle Mercury, "Eros was only home five minutes and in that tiny length of time he made you and him a palace. He must have been planning it in his head for years and of course once the ROM of Olympus is told what to do, if it is not against the Greek myths it can whip stuff up in seconds. Venus and I have a few ideas for some modifications to make it more you-friendly, but he did try, and most of it you will be more than delighted with itâ€|."

"â€|.It is lavender marble and gold Arto Deco thru out, except the multiple basements. Those are a Geek's wildest dream come true. You are going to kill him for the basements! There are multiple layers. Most are based on various American TV shows and movies. He has Grand Pa Munster's lab down there, his old Cupids cave, several of Doctor Who's TARDISES (OK. That's English.) And beneath them all, the lab from Forbidden Planet."

Claire gasped "I WILLLL kill him!"

Mercury laughed. "Well. You will have to go to Olympus to do it."

Claire considered that. Slowly she smiled. Then she nodded. Then she burst into tears.

Mercury stared at her. Women! They were the same Mortal or Immortal! (As he had said wisely long ago, "as above, below"). He fished in the pockets of his jeans and pulled out a tissue and handed it to Claire.

It wasn't exactly clean. Despite being a Doctor she took it and used it to wipe away her copious tears.

Mercury continued, "its a big step upward in maturity for him anyway. As with most Geeks he was living in his parent's basement along with his mostly scrounged Science Fiction collection, because who leaves offerings of money for us Greek gods any more? That mostly consisted of Star Trek books scrounged out of dumpsters with their covers ripped off.. etc. Oh he still has them. They are just behind glass now. Better book shelves."

Then Mercury went into Tres Equis. He walked behind the bar and explained to Felix, "Cupid is not happy right now. Boss I really should go back and be with him. Can I?"

Felix nodded. Like a flash he was at the door of Tres Equis again. He called back over his shoulder, "Sorry about not being able to finish my shift, Boss!'"

Felix said hastily "I wouldn't fire any Employee for leaving their shift unfinished during a family emergency like this!"

But Mercury was already out the door!

Felix ran outside just in time to see Mercury take off into the sky and suddenly become invisible to the operating system of his Boss.

A lot of his customers ran outside too and saw that also. A lot of them quit drinking that day!

Then Felix guided the stunned and still crying Claire and Delightful into the bar and up the stairs to his living room. He guided them to his living room couch and brought Claire a glass of water. Claire put Delightful up to her breast again. The little one knew to comfort herself by drinking. Milk raises oxitocin. Felix thought about it and brought Claire a glass of milk too. Then he poured one for himself.

>Lita came home late from a gig. She got the news from one of the Customers who had been so thirsty that he and a few others had hung around talking about the late, great Trevor.
Lita for once knew what to do socially. She came up the stairs into their living room and without one word sat down next to Claire and put her left arm around her shoulder. Then still wordlessly she started crying with Claire and Delightful.

>It was a very long time before any of the three, stopped.<p>

After that, with Dr Greeley's permission and a very heavy heart Claire walked Delightful home, trying not to burst into tears in public.

Delightful tried to comfort her Mommy. "Cupid is OK. He is just in Olympus. We need to put Zeus Two in his carrier and get Uncle Mercury to get a bunch of Putios to collect our stuff so we can join him there."

Claire sighed. "Oh Delightful, it won't be that easy. We have a life here. I have responsibilities. You have therapy."

Delightful shook her head, "Mommy I won't need therapy when we live in Olympus. The only reason I go for therapy is Child Protective Services requires you to take me because they want me convinced that Cupid and I are not gods. But if we are living with other gods who know we are gods why would I need therapy anymore?"

Claire nodded, "You do have a point there."

Delightful frowned, "Mommy it won't be long until Child Protective Services notices I am not growing fast enough to suit them. And as far as your responsibilities go, you still can write your books, Mommy. Olympus isn't in Outer Space. There is a post office right at the foot of the mountain. The Post Master even knows who Uncle Mercury really is. Uncle Mercury is considered the Postman for Olympus because sometimes we still do get mail. For one thing Cupid was sending my Grandmother part of his paycheck and tip money every month."

Claire nodded, "I know, and you know, that's how I found out his family and Olympus are real. I saw the address on a letter he was sending home."

Delightful smiled, "And cell phones will work there, Mommy. Tourist climb Mount Olympus all the time so they had to set up a tower. The Net works in Olympus too. Uncle Vulcan set that up so Medusa could sell things on Ebay and Uncle Vulcan could communicate with Einstein in Heaven."

Claire frowned, "But my practice, Delightful. I have responsibilities to my Patients also. I can't just up and leave without preparing them for my departure, and replacing me will not be an easy thing to do. What other Psychiatrist is still willing to do therapy instead of just prescribing pills? And what other Therapist also knows as much as I do about nutrition and bothers to run medical tests to rule out the 40 plus medical conditions that can cause or contribute to mental illness?"

Delightful smiled, "Oh Mommy, you were young once and not so educated and wise. You were given a chance even though you were young and naive and green as Spring grass. Now it is some other young Doctor who is straight out of medical school's turn to be given a chance to become someone extraordinary. Dr. Greeley was the one who taught you to carefully check for medical conditions and he will teach your replacement the same, plus what you taught him; the importance of still maintaining the Human element in treating Folks and the importance of good nutrition. So when Dr. Greeley interviews to replace you, he WILL take the trouble to look hard enough and long enough until he finds a young Doctor who is willing to learn about and use all four treatment methods; nutrition, therapy, medication and careful checking for medical conditions. You are going to have selective omnipresence soon. So you can even watch the interviews and help select the new Candidate. Because remember; Dr. Greeley is in on our secret. And Olympus started out as only a game and the game rules were never canceled when Mortals far in the Future make us real, little g gods. And unlike Cupid you are still alive, so you can fly over here from Olympus and see Dr. Greeley again any time you want

to, that is convenient for him. You can even visit your Friends. All they have to know is that you moved to Greece. You can send and receive snail mail from them at the Litochoro Post Office and as I said the Net works in Olympus so you still can send and receive email and surf the Net same as always."

Claire stared at her Daughter. "I have never heard you speak so much, so clearly!"

Delightful sighed, It is bad enough I talk at all in Public. So to hide what I really am I use a lot of baby talk. A Six Month Old who can talk like a Two Year Old is just a very smart Six Month Old, but a Toddler who can talk like an Adult can attract the attention of Area 51 or Stargate, or the real X Files program which is supposed to be top secret, and is to most Mortals but we gods know about it all too well. Olympus is very small. They were looking for a much larger structure or they would have found us!"

Claire asked, "I recognize Area 51 and am not surprised that our government would have a real X Files program, but what is Stargate?"

Delightful explained, "You know that TV show, "Wormhole Extreme?"

Claire exclaimed, "You have got to be kidding!"

Delightful shook her head, "No, Mommy, I am not!"

Claire exclaimed, "I don't know rather to laugh or shiver!"

Delightful shrugged, "They aren't as bad as the other two. There really are some really nasty ETs out there, Mommy so we do need to have a Stargate program. Even we gods know that and really appreciate it because what they have done has kept our precious Mortals and mutual Planet safe and probably kept us from disaster also. It breaks Cupid's heart because he and my Grandfather Mars are fervent Trekkers, but some of the powers of the air that are mentioned in the New Testament are ETs so evil that Humans can't really comprehend it. There is a war going on, on a plain of existence that is even higher than us little g gods have ever been at even the highest point of our development. On our Planet, the outcome is not settled, though it is secure. Christ wins this one, but there are worlds that have gone completely over to Satan and it isn't funny at all! The Big God lost a third of his forces to Satan and has been a tad shorthanded ever since, hence some of this World's distress. But here, Jehovah is winning. And oh, not all of the powers of the air are evil. We are considered powers of the air also, but we are the ones who, thru His mercy and our willingness to submit to Him, end up resting in His branches: Remember the Parable of the Mustard Seed?"

Claire nodded.

Delightful frowned, "We need to get out of here. Mommy, and quickly!"

Claire shrugged, "Let me get some time soaking in my hot tub and I will consider it. Sweetheart, I just need a little time to get used to the idea. I was so happy here in New York. One reason I married

your father was, I thought he would never leave here. He thought he was from Olympus and wanted to go back there, but I thought Olympus was a delusion. He had no ambitions beyond matching couples and working in one capacity or another at Tres Equis and Felix made him the Manager, so he had no real reason to leave the only reality based place where he was doing so well. He has always respected my vocation and understands how important it is to me. It never bothered him that I make more money. So he seemed a safe choice if my goal was to stay forever in New York. How was I to know he really is a god and that Olympus is real and he would go back there some day?! So now he has and very suddenly, and I am far from over the shock yet!"

Delightful frowned, "But Mommy you promised you would go to Olympus and help us if Cupid ever managed to go home"

"Yes Delightful I did, but he was not only experiencing his so called "normal delusional state" at the time I made that promise, he was delirious from a very high fever and he was very upset. I said it to comfort him. I never expected to have to keep that promise because I had no reason to believe Olympus was a real place!"

Delightful frowned, "Yes but Mommy, you know now, it is! And my very large family is desperate for your professional services. Both as an ordinary medical Doctor, and as a Psychiatrist and Therapist. We have been around for ages, some of us older than the Big Bang, so neurosis, psychosis, tiffs and outright fury have been festering without professional help all that time. Olympus is certainly not Hell but it is far from Heaven also. You are needed there a googleplex more than you are needed here in the Mortal realm."

Claire was curious, "What do you really know about Olympus, dear?"

Delightful grinned, "Well, besides what Uncle Mercury and others have told me, I was there too, Mommy. I was already in your womb and while I could not see any of it. In fact my eyes hadn't developed enough yet to see much of anything even though some light did get in there. But though your flesh muffled sound quite a bit, I could hear SOME of it. So yes, Mommy, I was there too. I know about the playful argument between Uncle Mercury and Uncle Vulcan at the Ambrosia making party for instance. That was so loud it was passing through your flesh to me, loud and clear. I am surprised you didn't feel me kicking in terror when Sasha could have reflex-attacked you when you almost tripped over her. But fortunately she is a very laid back Tigress. I guess she would have to be, to be Cupid's Pet!"

Claire nodded, "I should have realized this. Professionally I knew that wombs are not sound-proof and Babies develop self awareness and the ability to hear at a rather early stage in their development, but I admit I never thought about the fact you spent almost nine years inside of me and were hearing much of what was going on outside of me all that time. No wonder you came out of me already talking!"

Delightful giggled, "Well, duh!"

Claire actually laughed. _Maybe there still was hope of happiness again, some time in her future! _"You are right! Duh!"

Delightful grinned.

Claire continued, "Well, we are home now."

Delightful nodded.

Claire took her keys and opened the door and sat down in her favorite chair and nursed Delightful. _She was getting a bit old for that, they both admitted, but some cultures did nurse this long __at least based on how old Delightful seemed to be, based on her appe__a__rance__. It comforted both of them and it was kind of hard to gauge just how long Delightful should be nursing anyway. Doctor Spock's book didn't cover the raising of little goddesses!"_

Then Claire nuked a TV dinner and tried to eat it. It was her favorite kind but it might as well have been sawdust. Zeus Two, to his delight, ended up with most of it.

Then she was restless. She went about her apartment looking at everything and touching most everything as if she had never seen it before or would never see it again."

Delightful reminded her, "All our stuff can go with us, Mommy. None of it needs to be left behind."

"_My beautiful, lavender hot tub can't go!_ Claire thought to herself. _My car cannot go! My wonderful __N__eighbors here can not go! _

And she had Patients to see tomorrow. It was going to be so very hard to say goodbye!"

And she would just have to wait for another at least half competent Psychiatrist and Therapist to take her place!

It was only fair to Dr Greeley to at least give him two weeks notice!

Claire filled her alabaster, lavender tub with its art deco* golden handles to just the right temperature and got in.

Then the tears started flowing!

Well at least I'm letting my feelings out. Thought the Psychiatrist, analyzing herself. _But what am I really crying about? I know from both Jesus and a Greek little g god that every single part of my Husband is just fine except for his now worthless hard drive. In fact he is better than fine. He is back with his beloved family now and I am pretty sure they will give him his powers back. So what am I sobbing my heart out for? My life style here! I am sure that must be it. I can delay my departure at least two weeks, maybe three of four if Dr Greeley has trouble finding my replacement but more than thatâ€¦not likely. And I so loved my New York lifestyle: the cherry blossoms in the Spring! Central Park and Saint Patrick's Day parades and Christmas at Macy's and Coney Island and pretzels and hot dogs from Street Venders and a thousand different cultures crashing peacefully into one another on the same street!_

_The Rocketts. Street Theater! We always pretend to hate Memes but how I am going to miss them! The Zoo! The Museum of Natural History!

Oh there is no place like New York but New York! Olympus cannot even began to compare to it. Even Trevor admitted that and he was happy here too. He had millions of new Victims to tell his jokes to, jokes that had gotten way too over used among the few thousand who live in Olympus. I am being expected to move to what is really just a small town where the residents have a few more parlor tricks than most of us, but why would that be considered any kind of a compensation? They can throw lightning bolts. That would be useful during a mugging but even here how often do those happen? A can of mace will work just about as well. And they can fly. Oh that would be fun, but I could go para-sailing if I hankered for it all that much. And they can levitate things. How handy if you are watching TV and do not want to miss a second of it, but you also want that last slice of chocolate cake in the fridge right then, that very moment too! But other than that? I am being expected to give up life in the most exciting city on Earth to live in what is essentially a very small town with big and very old feuds, of Greek Hillbillies! I can't be expected to like such a change in my lifestyle, or even to honor it because of a "promise" I made to a delirious and what I had every reason to believe, delusional Patient of mine!"_

Even if he is my Husband now. He is, for all intents and purposes dead. Half a dozen Folks witnessed his skull being crushed by a car! He is now in a place most People associate with an ancient idea about Heaven, even if the real Heaven is still another life-keep and only their Neighbor in the same realm!

_...I can always join him later after I have lived the equivalent of a rich, long life here in New York. After all I am supposed to have eternal life there. Eternity is a very long time! Surely it is not going to hurt anything if I spent just about 70 to 80 years of that here on Earth!? _

The tears continued to flow.

Suddenly to her complete surprise Zeus Two voluntarily came into the bathroom and jumped up and perched on the side of the tub.

And started talking! "Clarrrrrrrrre you must go tonight!"

Claire's eyes widened. "That does it! Olympus and gods indeed! I have developed a stress-caused break with reality!"

Zeus Two actually shook his head. "Nooooo you are fine. I am not Zeus Two right noooooooow. I am Venus, yourrr Motherrrrr-In-Law. I rented Zeus Two's harrrd drive for an hourr or so for the price of a bowl of Goat's milk and some Sarrdines. He does not know he is going to be getting that anyway for the rest of Eterrnrity but giving him morre than he was promised harrrdly counts as a swindle. Just as with Christ most of us little g gods ask permission or have to be invited in before indwelling a Mortal but unlike Christ we aren't above bribery. A bowl of Goat's milk and a handful of Sarrdines are a very cheap price to pay for us and a wonderrrrful treasurre to a Cat! Usually a borrowed, rented or stolen Host would still be aware of what was going on but due to the fact I needed to come in to the dreaded bathroom I have him completely unconscious. But when I leave he will be all himself again, minus the memory of being in the bathroom. At least he didn't get a bath when he was in here. Of courrrse if we werren't in such a hurry and we had no way, which we do, of leaving the dirt outside of Olympus when he is translated into therre, it

would almost be a good idea to bath him while he is unconscious, but as I said, not necessary. He will enter Olympus but any dirt on him will not, and you managed (and this is almost miraculous) to keep most Fleas off of him. Right now he has precisely two, and they can stay outside Olympus and find a Goat for a Host. We won't hurrrt them eitherrr, but they are not going home with us!"

Claire asked, "Just I case I haven't gone, as Laymen so colorfully put it, frigging nuts, why is it so crucial we leave tonight when it is definitely crucial that I first wrap up my life here and give my Boss, Dr Greeley at least two weeks notice?"

Venus said thru Zeus Two, "Oh Clarrre! You must! It's all about to fall aparrrrrt! Child Protective Services is planning to take Delightful tomorrrrrrow, but it won't be what you or the Worrrld thinks! They will use the excuse that the only reason they left Delightful with herrr family is because she is such a Genius that delusional orrrr not, Cupid was necessary in herrr life to provide this little Genius with desperrately needed intellectual stimulation that she could get from no one else. But in reality Child Protective Services has been infiltrated due to herrr. The US governrrrrnment has been very aware of just what exactly she is forrr longer than she was even in gestation inside of you. They interrerrrrviewed Cupid when he tried to warn the properrrr authorities about the stealing of Professorrrr Ron Mallet's time machine, rememberrr? They already knew he was really Cupid way back then. They actually knew about him as early as when he lived in Chicago due to a program called Quantum Leap. But since he had no powerrrs at that time and was causing no trouble, they left him alone, but they've had their eyes on Delightful since she was borrrrn! They are not sure yet that she has powerrrrrs. They did not bug this apartment, thank the Big God! But they have been interrrested enough to monitorrr her progress in the hopes they will see something interrrrresting, and it is some poorr guy's job to monitor obituaries, and so they will know soon as those run that Cupid "died." That will give them the knowledge that you and Delightful are very vulnerable right now. They are also aware Child Protective services has had Delightful in theirrr custody beforrrrrre and keep a very uncomfortably close eye on her, so the CPS was infiltrated months ago by one of theirrrrr agents, so they could get custody of Delightful at the first opporrrrtunity. And this is it!..."

...You underrrrrstaand, Claire? They are coming earrly tomorrrrow morrrning! She won't end up being adopted out to a fosterrr family. She is headed for a military installation more top secret than Area 51 everrr was! The Worrrld would neverrr hearrr from her again, she would be so sequesterrred! They will find some way to forrrce herrr to use herrr powerrrrs for them, which would really be a waste even if she'd volunteered, because lets face it, Starrr Trek has it right. Morrrrtals have, or soon will have, weapons way beyond what we everrr could do!â€¦."

...", "And Claire, don't worry about yourrr stuff! Its all going, even yourrr carrrrr! As you verry well know we tend to drive electric golf carrrrts on because we can use our own electricity we make ourrselves in our own bodies to powerrr them, so yourrr gas powered, real genuine carrrr iis going to be a complete novelty. Folks will bring you oodles of gas even if they will have to haul it from * just to get your perrrrmission to drive it about town. But don't worry. We may not have insurance that coverrrrs ourrrr very small and carrrrefully

hidden town, but we do have at least that much common sense. You won't be in any trouble, legal or otherrrrwise for what some other driverrr does in your carrrr, licensed, insurrred or not, and as for damage to yourrrr vehicle itself, once the ROM of Olympus has yourrrrr carrrrr's imprint, it will repairrr any damage within seven seconds, or else Vulcan can fix ANYTHING!"

Claire nodded "You didn't even have to bring up my car! You had me at 'Child Protective Services is coming tomorrow!' I 'd give up anything, even my OWN LIFE, to save Delightful! I'm a Mother! What did you expect!?"

Through Zeus Two, Venus nodded, "It is agreed then. I am leaving the bathroom now. Just as we leave the bathroom Zeus Two will swish his tail. When you see that you will know I am returning control of Zeus Two back to Zeus Two again."

Zeus Two hopped off the hot tub, headed out the bathroom door and swished his tail just as he exited, as promised.

So that is when the "god invasion" started.

Uncle Mercury carefully collected the silverware and Claire's jewelry and cosmetics. After all at one time he had been known as the god of thieves, so he knew how to carefully pack such stuff.

Apollo and Hera packed up all their clothes.

Hestia the goddess of campfires and kitchens got the rest of the kitchen stuff that Uncle Mercury hadn't been put in charge of. She had fun starting and stopping the electric mixer but one stare from the now herself again Venus put her right back to packing!

After finishing with the clothing and cosmetics, Apollo started wrapping and packing the brick-a-brack. All of this was going into woven baskets they had brought with them. The gods hadn't time to hit grocery and liquor stores for boxes, plus can you imagine the National Enquirer story that would have resulted, if they'd done so!?

Uncle Vulcan carefully packed Claire's lap top, "Tonto," its peripherals* and the few tools these Apartment Dwellers had required. He even took the little notebook Claire and Trevor had stored all the passwords in. Nothing of Claire and Cupid's that was movable was to be left behind!

Once he had all that packed, he carefully put all of it in his lap. Then he manually rolled and steered his wheelchair to the Apartment door and left, first shooting straight up like a rocket to clear the high buildings and then heading straight towards Olympus. Due to hurting foot his job was now done.

Little winged Putios, similar, (very similar) to the ones that were shown in Disney's first Fantasia movie, flew around the apartment helping everybody do their jobs. One of them broke a dish and that was the only casualty, and it was not a very valuable dish either money-wise or in sentiment, so considering how much stuff is broken during most moves, that wasn't so bad. The Putios beat their little wings so rapidly that even in Mortal realms, just as Bees do with their big bodies and comparatively little wings, they were able to

fly.

Soon everything in the Apartment was as packed as it could be and the Apartment looked as if it was ready to rent again. * even had the great pleasure of using the modern vacuum cleaner. That was the last thing in the apartment itself that was packed and only after the carpets looked almost new again.

Meanwhile Claire was looking at her hot tub with great sadness.

Uncle Mercury assured her, "Vulcan has already installed one just like this in your palace, Claire. It looks the same, it feels the same and is the same except for one big improvement. If you ask it to, it will temporarily expand its size to hold two people not one. That is so if you decide to, you can invite Husband Dearest to join you. But it won't do so for Cupid. It has to be YOU ordering the expansion. That way if you want to use your hot tub for a little time away from everybody, you can. Your husband can't make your hot tube let him join you against your will! Oh we've been around for quite a bit, Claire Bear! When it comes to Human nature, god or not, we know!

Claire laughed.

Suddenly Venus clapped her hands and more Putios came flying in. They picked up everything that had been packed and then headed out the door. On to Olympus!

Then Apollo and the rest of the Putios headed down to the garage.

Apollo stood on the hood waving and shouting commands, uselessly for the Putios knew what they were supposed to be doing already. But Apollo was used to directing bands and orchestras and couldn't quite ditch the habit. He was also used to driving chariots, and Horses don't steer themselves.

Their little wings beating even harder, fifty Putios picked up Claire's car! Once they had it a little levitated, they aimed it towards the garage door and flew it out of the garage. Then they flew it much higher so they could clear the high buildings. Then like a sideways rocket, flash! They increased speed and headed home with it. Soon it was out of sight!

Nothing was left in the apartment but its keys, the carrier, Zeus Two, Claire, Delightful and Uncle Mercury.

Getting Zeus Two in his carrier was the hardest part of the move. It was a little like trying to stuff an uncooperative Octopus into a very small bag, except an Octopus doesn't have twenty sharp claws and teeth, or many very loud and emotive things to say, though said in Cat language, needed no translation! For several minutes it was god versus Cat and the Cat was winning. Finally Uncle Mercury got the bright idea to turn the carrier sideways and with gravity to help him, Zeus Two finally lost the struggle. The noise level in the apartment did not go down but at least it was coming from inside the carrier!

Claire meanwhile went and returned the keys to the apartment to a

very surprised and shocked Landlord. She explained that relatives of Trevor had invited her to come live with them for a year or however long it took for her to recover from the severe and sudden death of her husband. And that it would do her good and be very therapeutic to see the land of Greece and yes, though she had never told the Public, he really did come from Greece. He just was a bit, as Laymen would put it, coo coo about it.

The Landlord was shocked at one of his best Tenant's sudden departure but Claire had not had to sign a lease in over a decade. She had been going just month by month and always paid her rent on time and the only adjustment had come when Trevor had joined her. And though he was obviously a Nutcase he had never been any trouble either and had volunteered to spruce up the place with flowers and several new fruit trees. He had even dug a Goldfish pond. So wordlessly he accepted the keys back and nodded. It was understandable after all. Sometimes People did foolish things when a Loved One suddenly and unexpectedly passed. Going to Greece would not bring Claire's husband back. He suspected she'd be back, wanting to re-rent before he even had a chance to rent her expensive apartment to some other high paid Professional!

He was wrong of course about her move not bringing Claire's husband back or her returning ever, but he couldn't know that.

Claire came back to her apartment for the very last time just in time to see Uncle Mercury turn the carrier sideways. So she witnessed the final, hard fought victory of god versus Cat.

So there they stood. Claire gazed around what had been her beloved home for so very long. A few tears fell.

Uncle Mercury gave her a firm hug. Delightful flew up and Baby-kissed her Mother on her cheek.

Uncle Mercury said gently, "It is time, Claire."

"I know!" Claire was outright sobbing now!

Uncle Mercury picked up Zeus Two's carrier and hung tightly to it with his left arm. He put his right arm around Claire and held her gently but firmly to his body. Delightful could fly at least the first part of the long journey over the Atlantic Ocean on her own. When she would tire Mommy would hold her in her arms.

Uncle Mercury lifted just a foot off the floor and managed to duck enough not to bump his head on the top of the door as he flew out it. But he had to duck all the time to get his giant body through that door anyway. This time he had to duck just a little bit more.

He stood on the walkway for a few seconds, then shot straight upwards just as all the others had,

Zeus Two yowled all the way to Olympus.

Delightful giggled in glee all the way.

Finally Claire's mood lightened up and she started laughing in delight too.

Below them larked a Pod of Whales breaching and playing in the spray.

Seabirds, at least for the first few miles off shore, joined them in flight, very perplexed at seeing Humans fly.

Then they were flying over Deep Ocean and did so for miles and miles and miles! Then a brand new set of Seabirds joined them and below them was a pod of Dolphins. A few minutes later there was land on the horizon. They had reached Europe. They flew over Italy for a few minutes. Then there was more ocean. Then far on the horizon the tops of mountains appeared and slowly grew larger and larger as they flew closer. The tops of the mountains had snow on them but at their feet was almost tropical climate land. They had reached the shores of Greece!

Uncle Mercury flew himself and his precious cargo higher and headed straight towards Home.

Olympus was so well hidden it even took Uncle Mercury a few moments to find it. Finally he found the right bush and bent down and there it was. Olympus was the size of a shoe box! But what an impressive shoe box! It had twelve glowing white "pearls" all around it, two to a side. They were really doors and transporters. Yes, just the same way Star Trek's work. If the gods did not chose to fly themselves to a location they could beam in very suddenly. It looks very impressive but now we know one of their secrets, don't we?

Mostly they were used just to get People into Olympus without letting in any of the Germs and the dirt. They weren't perfect. Read my story, Cupid Ascending Mount Olympus if you want to know how Apollo and Hippocrates reacted to a Cockroach who managed to get past the screening process.

Uncle Mercury bent over Olympus and hollered until the Centaur inside who was guarding one of the doors finally heard and activated one of the pearls. In a few seconds they were all inside and "Trevor" and much of the rest of his huge family, plus a few curious Centaurs who managed to squeeze in the control room were waiting for them.

Trevor took his Wife and Daughter in his arms and hugged until all their very empty love tanks were finally full again!

Claire felt herself relaxing, finally! She had missed her husband more than she had consciously realized! She had definitely made the right decision to do the traditional thing and not leave a good marriage just because the husband chose to or had to move to a new location. However good or not-so-good Olympus would prove to be, to be joined as one with "Trevor" again would make it more than worth it!

So holding each other tightly in each others arms and smooching; we will leave them, (for now.)

*if you want to learn more about Casandra's stay at MPH

read the

K-PAX series by Gene Brewer

I saw what happened when the free Geocities web pages died. It was like Atlantis sinking into the sea so much culture was lost! I don't want my stuff lost to this Realm the same way if something happens to me and the current sites my stuff is posted at go down! Plus I will not live forever in the flesh and new sites will continue to be developed! So to preserve and spread my stuff forever I give permission to anyone, (in fact I beg Folks!) to upload any of my fanfictions to any fanfiction sites provided they do not change anything and leave my name attached. If in the Future someone wishes to translate my fanfiction into different forms of media including kinds not even conceived of at the time of this writing any changes necessary for that purpose may be made with my deepest blessings provided the integrity of the stories, ideas and Characters are kept intact. Follow the Golden Rule please! "Treat others as you want to be treated." Remember in the Future Artificial Intelligence Technology will bring Fictionals to Self Awareness and we will use Science to build Heaven. (We are the Body of Christ according to 1 Corinthians 12:27 and all Carpenters use their Bodies to build things.) Because Time circles due to General Relativity and Ecclesiastes 1:9-10 this has already happened so we are all being watched, always! A song sung at the Fort McCoy Pow Wow near Ocala Florida explains this very well; "Mickey Mouse and Goofy are Spirits too." So we will all be called to account (at least socially) for our actions, even for how we treat Fictionals! For instance a Villain does not mind being written to provide challenges to the Protagonists and killed off because that is his purpose. But he would certainly mind being written contrary to how he was supposed to be written!

End
file.